RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

Rev. M. P. Gaddis.

I LOVED
That Dear Old Flag
THE BEST.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Rev. M. P. Gaddis relates the following touching incident:—

"A young soldier, belonging to one of the Minnesota Regiments, was dying from wounds received in battle: he requested me to get him the pictures of his mother and sister from his knapsack. After kissing them tenderly, he raised his tear-dimmed eyes till they rested on a flag at the end of the hospital, when his eyes grew bright as he exclaimed, "Oh, Chaplain! I loved my dear old mother and sister, but I loved that dear old FLAG the best!"

WORDS BY

EDNOR ROSSITER.

MUSIC BY

B. FRANK WALTERS.

GUITAR. 2½ PIANO.

PHILADELPHIA:

Published by LEE & WALKER, 722 Chestnut St.

Civil War
1863
Walters

18990

LEE & WALKER'S

LATE POPULAR BALLADS,

722 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

KEEP MY SECRET, NELLIE DEAREST.

Words by THOMAS MANAHAN; Music by H. Th. KNAKE.

"Keep my secret, Nellie dearest,
'Neath thy marble bosom's swell:
Never breathe it in thy whisper,
For it's sacred; guard it well:
None but thee were ever trusted
With the vows I made to thee:
Keep them pure, then, Nellie dearest,
As the gems beneath the sea."

A charming song, well composed, and with an easy accompaniment. We cheerfully recommend it.

Price, 25 cents.

KIND FRIENDS ARE NEAR HER.

Song and chorus: an answer to "Who will care for mother now?"

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"Sleep, noble hero,
Let not one fear
Steal o'er thy brave heart
As death draws near;
For, in her sorrow,
Mother will find
True hearts around her,
Loving and kind."

The popularity of "Who will care for mother now?" induced the above song as a reply; and it is a most suitable one, both in words and music, and is within the capacity of all singers, and also has an easy accompaniment.

Price, 25 cents.

I REMEMBER THE HOUR WHEN SADLY WE PARTED.

Answer to "Weeping, sad and lonely." Song and chorus.

Words by EDNOR ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

"I remember the hour when sadly we parted,
The tears on your pale cheek glistening like dew,—
When, clasped in your arms, almost broken-hearted,
I swore by the bright sky I'd ever be true,—
True to the love that nothing could sever,
And true to the flag of my country forever.
Chorus—Then weep not, love, oh, weep not;
Think not hopes are vain;
For when this fatal war is over
We will surely meet again."

The popularity of this song has been immense, several thousand having already been published. It is not to be wondered at, however, as the sentiment, both in words and music, is unsurpassed.

Price, 25 cents.

WEEP NOT FOR ME, MY MOTHER DEAR.

Written and composed by FRANK DRAYTON.

"Weep not for me, my mother dear,
Though in thy cot thy dear one's missed,
Who round thy neck so oft hath clung
And thy dear lips with fondness kissed,
Who oft at eve her weary head
Hath lain upon thy tender breast,
When thy sweet voice, with cheerful song,
Hath lulled thy darling child to rest."

The songs of Drayton have attained a deserved popularity, as the words are expressive of fine sentiments, and the melodies are pleasing. This one especially is deserving of attention.

Price, 25 cents.

COME WHEN YOU WILL, I'VE A WELCOME FOR THEE.

Words and Music by W. LANSDON.

A new and revised edition has just been issued.

"Come in the spring-time, come in the summer,
Come when the autumn makes leafless each tree;
Or when the chill wind of winter is blowing,—
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!
"Welcome as sunshine to birds and to flowers,
Or first sight of land to the roamer by sea,
Thou bring'st to my mind all my happiest hours:
Come when you will, I've a welcome for thee!"

Price, 30 cents.

THE PICKET GUARD.

Composed by H. COYLE, and respectfully dedicated to B. M. Greene and his comrades, of the 49th Regiment P. V.

"All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot on his beat, as he walks to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in a thicket.
'Tis nothing: a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men
Moaning out alone the death-rattle.
All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound, save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead!
The picket's off duty forever!"

Also a very popular song, as the words appeal to thousands of sorrowing hearts, made so by the death in battle of fathers, sons, and brothers. The music is simple and touching.

Price, 25 cents.

Our Publications can be had in all the Music-Stores in the Country. Should they not have the Pieces required, write directly to us, and we will cheerfully send the Music, post-paid, upon the receipt of the marked price. TEACHERS will find it to their advantage to send their orders to us; for in this department of our business especial attention is given.

"I LOVED THAT DEAR OLD FLAG THE BEST."

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by Ednor Rossiter.

Music by B. Frank Walters.

Moderato.

PIANO.

p

1. Look within my knapsack, You will find them there,
2. Tell them very gently, When you've lain me low,

dolce.

RITARD:

a TEMPO.

Pictures of my mother, (Should it come too roughly)
And of sister dear, They would die, I know,
Let me once more see them, Tell them that at parting,

RITARD:

a TEMPO.

Chorus.

Ere my life is past, I did sigh for them,
Once more let me kiss them, Tell them that in Heaven,
It will be the last. We will meet a-gain.

Chorus.

8882.4.

Entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1863 by Lee & Walker at the Clerk's Office of the Dt. Ct. of the En. Dt. of Pa.

CHORUS.

1st Sop. 2nd. Tenor. Bass. Piano.

I wept when I bade my mother adieu, My sis - ter was clasped to my breast, And they

I wept when I bade my mother adieu, My sis - ter was clasped to my breast, And they

knew that I loved them fond - ly and true, But I loved that dear old Flag the best.

Symp: *

knew that I loved them fond - ly and true, But I loved that dear old Flag the best.

Symp: *

p

3. Raise me while the twilight Lingers o'er the plain,
4. When in death I'm sleeping, That old Flag shallwave,

Fine.

dolce.

RITARD.

a TEMPO.

Let me see that old Flag, Floating once a-gain, Let me see "its bright Stars,"
O'er our States U-ni-ted, And o'er treason's grave, Peace and plenty smiling

RITARD.

a TEMPO.

Gleaming in the sun, Let me see "its broad Stripes" Ere the day is done.
O'er each happy home, Bringing nought but gladness In the days to come.

Chorus.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL SONGS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

LEE & WALKER.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

Poetry by THOMAS MACKELLAR; Music by WILLIAM W. BUTCHER.

"Kiss my little brother and my sisters, and tell them that I died for my country."

Price, 25 cents.

"On the field of battle, mother,
All the night alone I lay,
Angels watching o'er me, mother,
Till the breaking of the day.
I lay thinking of you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
Till to our dear cottage, mother,
Boy again, I seemed to come!"

Those desirous of a really beautiful song, wedded to words of a tender and appealing character, will not be disappointed in this one. Arranged also for Guitar.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

Music arranged by WILLIAM B. HARVEY.

Price, 25 cents.

"No one to love! none to caress!
None to respond to this heart's tenderness!
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown;
For in my sorrow I'm weeping alone."

The popularity of this song is almost beyond belief: it has reached the one hundredth thousand, and the demand is in no way abating. It is a beautiful melody, within the reach of all, and the words are pretty. It is arranged in three keys,—viz.: B flat, A flat, and G,—and also for Guitar.

THE MOTHER'S REPLY

To "Rock me to Sleep." Composed by E. MACK.

Price, 25 cents.

"My child! my child! thou art weary to-night,
Thy spirit is sad, and dim is the light;
Thou wouldst call me back from the silent shore
To the trials of life, to thy heart as of yore;
Thou longest again for my loving care,
For my kiss on thy lips, my hand on thy hair;
But angels around thee their loving watch keep,
And angels, my child, will 'rock thee to sleep.'"

A beautiful reply to the song "Rock me to Sleep," which has attained great celebrity. The songs and compositions generally of E. Mack are justly appreciated by the musical public; and this is one of his best productions. Also arranged for Guitar.

NEVER DESPOND.

A reply to the popular song "No One to Love." Music and words by C. EVEREST.

Price, 25 cents.

"Never despond! joys are for thee;
Time will reveal them, though hidden they be:
Stay thy sad heart; soon will the day
Dawn in its brightness and cheer thy lone way."

Mr. Everest is well and favorably known as a popular composer and arranger of songs, and this, one of his last compositions, is really worthy the attention of lovers of pretty songs.
It is also arranged with Guitar accompaniment.

BEAUTIFUL DAISIES, BRIGHT GEMS OF THE EARTH!

Song with chorus. Words and Music composed by J. S. C.

Price, 25 cents.

"Beautiful daisies, bright gems of the earth!
Few are your virtues and little your worth;
Yet, as I wander through by-way and lane,
Gladly I welcome your smiling again."

The subject of this song is only an humble flower; but the composer has produced charming words and an elegant song-melody to them. We can safely and cheerfully recommend it to the lovers of song.
With an arrangement for Guitar.

THEY PRAY FOR US AT HOME.

Song and chorus. Words by E. ROSSITER; Music by B. FRANK WALTERS.

Price, 25 cents.

On the Sunday after the battle of Cedar Mountain, as our wounded soldiers were lying in a church at Culpepper C.H. which had been taken for a hospital, one of the mortally-wounded whispered to a dying companion, "I wish there was some one here to pray for us!" to which his companion replied, "They are praying for us at home!"

"Oh, would there were some kind one
Who, on this Sabbath-day,
Would breathe one prayer to cheer us
As our spirits pass away!—
If there only were some loved one
To grasp us by the hand
And whisper words of comfort
As we leave this earthly strand!"

The songs by Mr. Walters are very popular; and this is one worthy of his reputation.

TREAD LIGHTLY WHERE THE HERO SLEEPS.

Words and Music composed by D. W. BELISLE.

Price, 25 cents.

"Tread lightly here! this lonely grave
Is now the resting-place of one
Who fought his country's flag to save,
And fell with Freedom's armor on."

A very easy and pretty song, with a flowing accompaniment, not difficult. It is recommended with safety as a fine parlor-song.

SHALL WE MEET AGAIN!

Song and chorus. Written and composed by C. EVEREST.

Price, 25 cents.

"Ever since from me you parted for the battle-plain,
I have thought, near broken-hearted, Shall we meet again?
In my dreams the cannons rattle, flashes light the sky;
And I see in every battle banners floating high.
Chorus—Morning, noon, and evening,
As I pine in vain,
Ever is my spirit breathing,
Shall we meet again?"

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